





## The Bethel Courier.

BETHEL, FRIDAY, DEC. 24.

THE UNDEVELOPED RESOURCES OF MAINE.

Nothing impresses an observing mind more forcibly than the vast amount of undeveloped resources in this State. An old country, settled for thousands of years, like the countries of Europe, might be led to question the extent of its power in this direction, but when we reflect that we possess, as yet, almost everything in its primeval state, we may safely observe, that its greatest power still remains undeveloped. Our hills of granite, our clay banks, our waterfalls, our lumber, and the very soil beneath our feet, need only the magic influence of civilization to render us powerful as a state.

In developing these resources, the press exerts a mighty influence. It is not really a consequence of civilization, but a pioneer in pointing out to the masses the resources within their reach. As an advocate of progress, we shall from time to time, call the attention of our readers to some of these materials which will constitute us, in due time, one of the most powerful States in the Union.

In our first issue we omitted to notice the shoe store of Mr. Joseph A. Twitchell, near the Depot, and the well filled store of Mr. Abner Davis, at the corner of Main and Chapman streets. We ought also to have mentioned Vernon street which leads into the new road to Greenwood, where are some fine residences, and where, near by, is Mount Miranda, which we suppose must, before long, from its beautiful and commanding position, be devoted to some public purpose.

We have made arrangements with Dr. N. T. Thorne to write out for our paper a series of articles, to commence with the first number in January, on the "Early History of Bethel." He has been engaged for several years in collecting materials for a complete history of the town, which, we doubt not will be read with peculiar interest.

METEOROLOGICAL FOR BETHEL.—Gould's Academy, 655 feet above tide water.

Wed. Dec. 22, 1858, 9 A. M.  
Barometer, - - - 28.37  
Thermometer, - - - 25.  
Wind, West and blowing a gale.  
This is the lowest point noticed in the Barometer for a year past.

N. T. T.

The young men of the Academy in this village, have organized themselves into a Literary Association for the purpose of cultivating their oratorical powers. Each member is required to read or speak at every meeting. It is a capital exercise. Many a man, worth his thousands, would give one thousand of it, if he could have acquired the habit of speaking in public in his youth, so as to plead his own cause in town meetings.

We do not approve of continuing stories, and but for an earnest request to publish the one commenced upon our first page, we should not have done so. But we think our readers will find it very interesting. It will probably occupy a portion of four numbers.

We are frequently favored with some excellent music from our friends Abbott & Merrill, immediately under our office. We are of the opinion, that those who "trip the fantastic toe" cannot fail of appreciating the music they furnish. They are prepared to furnish music for Balls, Assemblies, &c.

Dr. G., of this village, has decided never again to lend his assistance to Dr. G. of L. in another surgical operation. A conclusion probably arrived at, from reading an account of the recent *Remarkable Surgical Operation* in L.

PROMOTION.—Lieut. Cavier Grover has received his commission as Captain of Infantry, U. S. A. His advancement has been very rapid since his graduation at West Point, and well deserved.

We shall be happy to hear often from our Auburn correspondent. Persons of imaginative ideas, please excuse.

## FIRE.

Fire! As this is a time of year when fires are most calamitous to the sufferers, it is well to be particularly cautious in the use of every means to prevent such an event in our community.

In the first place, if you are anxious to have a fire, you can adopt the following methods, either of which will be likely to be successful before you die:

Set away ashes in a wooden vessel, and you may be almost sure of such an event. Make use of wooden fire-boards. It is not enough to say that you have lined them with sheet iron. Soot will sometimes collect in large quantities in a fire-place, catch fire and burn through the fire-board.—Have no zinc beneath your stoves. Let the funnel run *very near* wood work, and in due time you will burn up. Cracked brick ovens and chimneys are frequently occasions of fire. Allow yourself and workmen to smoke in your stables or workshops. Suffer little children to play with fire. Take no pains to clean the moss from old roofs. Any one can easily remove it if they wish by sprinkling quicklime on their roofs during a wet day.—Don't be insured and bad luck will have it that you must be burned out.

It is well for every man to ask himself what he would do in case of fire in his own dwelling. In case his stable should catch fire, could he save his house? What intermediate space could be torn away? Above all things let a man be calm, and he will accomplish much more.

In a village and community like ours without a fire-engine, or any organization whatever, it may not be amiss to call attention to a few points. We are liable, at any moment, to be saluted with the unwelcome cry of fire. Should an alarm be raised, let those who are very near see that ladders are provided. Collect all the buckets in your possession; tell the females of the household to bring along their wash-tubs. These are the best substitutes for the tub of a fire-engine in our possession. See that a tub is set under every pump within reach, and filled as soon as possible. Two men will convey as much in tubs as four men can in buckets; besides it sometimes is the case that a surplus of water is necessary at a critical moment. Axes are sometimes most efficient instruments at a fire. Four or five resolute men can sometimes effect wonders by ascending a roof and cutting a passage through a block of buildings. It is a point gained to get above a fire so as to have it beneath you. Levelling a roof will oftentimes be the means of saving an adjoining building. Adjoining buildings which are unpainted or painted a dark color will catch fire much sooner than those painted white. Such should be kept cooled down as much as possible with water. If there be a very small space between buildings, aim at checking the fire there if possible.

If necessary to remove furniture, do it calmly. No person in a high state of excitement is worth much at a fire. A little attention to these admonitions may yet save us many thousands of dollars in our village alone.

THE CHILD'S BOOK OF COMMON THINGS, by W. HOOKER, M. D.—We have received, from the publishers, a little book with the foregoing title. Its design is to teach children *how to think*, and certainly nothing more important could have entered the author's mind in his efforts to aid the young. Children too often learn by rote in our primary schools. Hence the remark often made, "that a child is a better observer at six or eight years than at ten or twelve." Much of this has been owing to a class of books that have served to repress rather than to kindle up a spirit of enquiry. Questions are annexed to each chapter for the use of the pupil, so that it cannot fail of interesting children. Dr. Hooker is known as the author of an admirable work on Human Physiology, and seems equally well to know the wants of the mind as well as the body. It is published by Peck, White & Peck, New Haven.

PROBATE ADVERTISING.—Will our friends in this vicinity, who may have any legal advertising, favor us with a share of their patronage.

Attention is directed to the advertisement headed "Farm for Sale," in another column.

## HUMAN SUFFERING.

Who can fathom the depths of human suffering. The sounding line of the navigator may now find the bottom of the deepest sea, but no line has yet reached the foundation of the soul of man. Happily for us we seldom have occasion to witness its exhibition in all its fulness. Among these scenes which caused a chord of sympathy to vibrate in the heart of every one, was that which occurred in this village when the rail-road was building in this vicinity.

An Irishman, who belonged to the best class of his countrymen, had engaged a tenement in the village where he lived happily with his wife and little ones. Industrious himself, and prudent in his affairs, he had accumulated some property; but an evil day had come. While attempting to jump upon the cars when in motion, he fell beneath the wheels which crushed his thighs. He was immediately carried to his home, before so happy. He felt no pain, so great was the shock, but death was evidently fast hold upon him.

I entered the room just as the breath was leaving his body. His dumb stricken wife buried her face in his bosom, already pallid with death. The Surgeon, who had just arrived, was examining the extent of the injury, while his countrymen, with lighted tapers, were kneeling around engaged in prayer for his departed soul. In the rear of the group stood his woe-stricken children, who knew not what the whole scene meant.

As soon as circumstances would permit, the funeral services were performed, but it was not till the next day that the scene of real sorrow commenced. All alone with her little ones, a stranger in a strange land, the poor, heart-stricken widow felt her situation in all its bitterness. A wail of anguish went forth from that little tenement, such as I never heard before. For a whole week, as I went back and forth to my daily task, did I hear that soul piercing strain. It seemed like that of one in complete despair. Fancying her husband still alive, she put on his clothes and waited his return, and again, when reason would seem to return, and she felt conscious of her situation, would she send forth that wail of woe that still, after many years, seems to have its sounds lingering in my ears. I have seen the stout hearted and still stouter bodied man, writhing under the surgeon's knife for a whole hour at a time, and in his agony beg the operator to put an end to his existence, but I have to confess that such a scene, painful as it was, did not affect me so much as to see and hear that poor woman, when the very depths of her innermost soul were moved. Oh! what agony like that, when the very heart strings were touched by reason of the tumultuous heavings of the soul, when it would seem to be swelling up, and too large for its tenement, labors to burst forth from its narrow dwelling.

No wonder the ancient worthy cried in his affliction:—"Behold, I cry out of wrong, but I am not heard; I cry aloud, but there is no judgment."

What does sympathy avail, when a companion is suddenly snatched away; when a darling child is torn from us, or a beloved brother or sister is called away. Relief is found only in the outpourings of our very souls, finding vent through tears and weeping.

I have sometimes tried to conceive of the agony of a martyr at the stake, or the captive in the hands of his tormentor, whose greatest pleasure is to torture. Did ever any one describe, or attempt to describe his feelings, when his limbs were being stretched on the rack? Can figures estimate the amount of suffering, when the four limbs are fastened to four chariots and driven asunder, at the moment when they start from their sockets?

Most happily, science, knowledge and Christianity have done very much to alleviate human suffering, and when it exists in a less degree, it may be in the power of every one to aid in its removal.

There are, we understand, two or three subscription papers in the towns adjoining, which have not yet been sent to the office. Will any one who may have them send them in as soon as convenient.

For the Courier.

(Correspondence of The Courier.)

ABURN, Dec. 20. '58.

DEAR SMITH:—We were much surprised, but more pleased, at so early an appearance of the *Bethel Courier*. Welcome, thrice welcome, *Bethel Courier*! May it be equally welcome to a thousand happy homes in Maine, filled from week to week, with the elements of happiness—useful and entertaining knowledge. Success to the *Courier*!

Old Boreas made his first real attack upon us on Saturday last; continuing it through the day and night. On Sunday morning between four and six o'clock he was particularly severe on house plants and canary birds.

We are enjoying a good joke at the expense of one of our citizens, too good indeed to be confined to any one locality. So I will give you an abstract of a REMARKABLE SURGICAL OPERATION.

Mr. C., retiring rather late a few nights since, dreamed of swallowing his false teeth; when on awaking in the morning sure enough found his two teeth with the plate on which they were set, missing. Calling to mind the circumstance of a man having lately lost his life by such an accident, and feeling some slight soreness about the throat, he immediately made examination of the esophageal region, and lo! his consternation on finding the *mineral incisors* sticking fast in the gullet.

A messenger was dispatched for Dr. B. in haste, while poor C. with a grip of one almost desperate, or dying as he believed himself to be, held his throat to prevent the unlucky teeth from descending. Dr. B. was soon upon the spot and making a hasty examination, decided that the teeth were there, and that probably an operation by a long incision alone would save the patient. Not being prepared for such a desperate undertaking, Dr. G., our best operative surgeon was sent for. For a long hour our poor patient waited in the most awful suspense imaginable.—Dr. B. relieving him with a firm grasp of his now swollen throat.

Dr. G. at length arrived, and having distinctly felt the missing teeth, he introduced a long pair of iron forceps as a sort of introduction to a more serious operation, he felt certain it would be necessary to perform.—Down, down, went the long iron, until the very stomach was reached, and poor C.'s oral cavity was at the apex, and on a vertical line with the passage to that organ. The iron is withdrawn but no teeth were found. The head now being brought into its natural position the could not be felt. A consultation ensued, but C. is desperate. Like other men in most critical positions he revolves many things in his mind, that he would not on other occasions. Death seemed to stare him in the face. He thinks of his will. His frenzied daughter is dispatched for materials for writing it, and in her anxiety she searches in most unlikely places, till at last in his stand drawer she finds, *mirabile dictu*, the missing teeth just where C. placed them the night before.

It is needless to say that the consultation ended instantly, and the doctors looking rather blank than pleased, now discovered that the consultation was between a *homeopath* and an *allopath*. It is rather to be presumed that no report of this case will be made by either, through the Medical Journals. More anon.

EN DE.

DEATH OF A WINTHROP MAN IN AFRICA.—The last steamer from Europe brought the sad intelligence of the death of Noah C. Morrill of Winthrop. He sailed from Boston on the 6th of July, in the brig Robert Wing for the west coast of Africa, in the employ of M. Bartlett, Esq., as clerk and supercargo. He was a son of Mr. Gustavus Morrill, of Winthrop, and died at Sierra Leone, Sept. 30th, of African fever. He was about 19 years of age.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.—By some persons it is thought that to have work done to perfection, they must send from home, wherein lies a great mistake. We are led to these remarks by examining some work done by Mr. P. H. McCleak, of this village, Merchant Tailor, which equals any we have ever seen. We trust he will receive the patronage due to an experienced workman.

For good bargains, try C. & O. H. Mason. So say our printers.

## THE SABBATH.

How calm and undisturbed seems the solemn stillness of this holy day. The sounds of merry voices and of manual labor, are hushed; and the passing breeze seems to float along with the same unbroken silence. The blue, cloud-capped hills, distance only enhancing their real loveliness, seem like lofty monarchs of the wilderness, and the little, meandering streamlet, that ever continues its wandering course, though it may not seem to tell us of the sanctity of this holy day, yet the tranquillity of its waters, is like the quietness of the Sabbath.

The illimitable expanse of blue, with its clear, unmarred beauty, appears without a cloud to detract from its ethereal splendor. The sun throws his ever bright and liquid light of the universe. The deep silence of the forest and glen, awakes in the mind, feelings of the deepest awe, devotion, and reverence. GENIA.

We have received a keg of splendid Oysters from JAMES FREEMAN, Nos. 23 & 25 Federal St., Portland.

Nobody knows human nature better than Mr. Freeman, nor knows better where deserving favors should be bestowed. Our types have been wonderfully good natured ever since their reception; even our dark imp has relaxed his grim visage, so as to look somewhat like mortals, as he swallows a boiling-hot bowlful.

If the donor knew how much happiness he has bestowed on the poor printer, he would be one of the happiest of men. May his establishment long be the headquarters of the Oyster Trade in Maine.

We are also under obligations to the B. & N. A. Express Co., for the privilege of paying 25 cts. for transportation on the above.

THE FILLIBUSTERS.—Besides the schooner Susan, which recently "chopped" and went off to sea with a party of fillibusters, it is said the steamer Fashion has also sailed from Mobile on the 1st with a large party on board, professing to be bound for Texas, but really it is supposed for Key West, where the fillibusters are thought to have a rendezvous. The reason given for the failure of the United States cutter to pursue the Susan is that she got accidentally aground.

For The Courier.

MR. EDITOR:—Among the wants of a growing village like ours, there is perhaps none more needed at the present time than a Public Hall, capable of holding seven or eight hundred persons.

I trust that our citizens will agitate the question till some measure shall be taken to secure what is so much needed. Valuable exhibitions for the entertainment and instruction of our citizens, are prevented from coming here, for want of just such a hall.

L.

We would call the attention of the trade to the advertisement of Jas. R. Lunt & Co., 103 Middle st., Portland.

They have a large and well selected stock of Drugs and Chemicals, Patent Medicines, &c., &c. In Cigars they are prepared to furnish the best manufactured.

THE AUGUSTA THIRICE-WEEKLIES. The Age and Journal will both issue as usual, during the session of the Legislature, thrice-weekly editions, alternating with each other, so that both together will form a regular daily journal of the legislative proceedings. Every man who desires a full understanding of those proceedings should subscribe for one or both of the papers. The price is only \$1 each for the session.

THE COTTON MANUFACTURE.—The proportions in which cotton is used by the various nations are thus stated by the London Times:

Great Britain,	51 28
France,	13 24
Northern Europe,	6 84
Other foreign ports,	5 91
Consumption of U. S.,	23 58

We are requested by Mr. A. Twitchell to state, for the benefit of lovers of good Oysters, that he will be prepared to serve them up Tuesday and Saturday evenings, of each week. We can recommend them as first best.

Crusoe has our thanks for favors last evening.

## FOREIGN NEWS.—ARRIVAL OF THE ARABIA.

The steamship Arabia arrived at Halifax, on Thursday evening, bringing dates from Europe to the 4th inst., one week later than previous advices. The most gratifying portion of her news is the intelligence of the safety of the missing steamship Indian Empire. We make the following synopsis:—

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Indian Empire reached Brondhaven, County Mayo, the 26th ult., all well. She was also short of provisions. The ship was obliged to lay to for a week when within a day or two's steaming of Galway, owing to furious storms.

The barque Goodspeed, from Mobile, came in collision at the mouth of the Mersey, with the screw steamer Genoa, bound for London. Both vessels were seriously injured and had to be run aground. The Goodspeed had five feet of water in her hold.

The London Times continues editorially to hold up the corruption which prevails amongst officials in the United States as a warning against the adoption of universal suffrage; likewise draws a similar lesson from the Canadian system.

Much anxiety is felt for the troop ship Bombay, with about 300 soldiers on board, bound to India. The ship was dismasted and lost some of her crew as she was proceeding round to Cork for additional troops. She was afterwards seen battling against the storm in a most distressed condition, but still later was spoken, making good headway under jury masts, for Plymouth.

FRANCE.—The Moniteur of the 2d announced that in consequence of the anniversary of the 2d of December, the Emperor releases M. de Montalembert from the penalties of the sentence passed upon him.

The London Times claims the act as a triumph of the English press, but at the same time censures the Emperor for the numerous instances of vacillation he has displayed.

All English papers containing reports of the trial of Montalembert are forbidden to enter France.

LATEST.—Friday.—Montalembert writes to the Moniteur to the following effect: "I have appealed against the sentence passed upon me. No power in France up to the present time has a right to remit a penalty not definitive. I am one of those who still believe in right, and do not accept the pardon. I beg you, and if necessary demand you, to insert this."

A letter from Montalembert to the Archbishop of Paris, published in the Independence Belge, declines the Archbishop's intercession for the remission of his penalty.

Montalembert lodged a formal appeal against his sentence on the 22nd.

SPAIN.—The nomination of Echeagua as Captain General of Madrid was considered a strong indication of a military dictatorship being resolved upon if the Cortes prove ungovernable.

Letters from Seville say that much activity prevailed in the Artillery Department with the view of getting ready as soon as possible the siege battery which is to be sent to Cuba.

The Queen opened the Cortes in person amidst much enthusiasm.

INDIA AND CHINA.—The Bombay mail of Nov. 9, is telegraphed from Malta. The campaign commenced on the 18th of October. The rebels have been dislodged from many strongholds. Seven engagements are reported, each resulting in a victory on the British side, and heavy losses to the enemy. On the 20th the rebels were defeated near Moodpoor. On the 21st the Fort of Beruha was taken by storm. On the same day the strong Fort of Birra was captured. On the 23d a detachment was assailed by five thousand rebels, but they were repulsed with the loss of men and guns. On the 27th the Fort of Robes was taken, and on the 29th Benec Madho, with 20,000 men, was repulsed with loss. Tania Topee was a fugitive, his forces having been routed with the loss of all their guns and six hundred killed.

This number of rebels was still very large—at the lowest estimate 50,000; but they are scattered about in small bodies.

The proclamation in which the British Crown assumes the entire command in India, and promises amnesty on certain conditions, was read throughout India on the 1st of November, and is said to have given great satisfaction to all parties.

Tania Topee had applied to know on what terms he could surrender. The Cochín Chinese were concentrating 100,000 around the capital, against the French and Spanish forces.

LATER FROM HAVANA.—New York, Dec. 15.—Steamship Philadelphia has arrived with Havana dates of the 9th. Six or seven persons had been arrested charged with conspiracy against the life of the Captain-General. The Spanish frigate Petronilla arrived from Cadiz on the 1st, with 300 soldiers.

The barque Lone Star was run into on the 4th, in entering the harbor of Havana, by the British ship Velocity. The latter was badly injured, but the Lone Star sustained but little damage.

Freights to the United States improving and quoted 75c. a \$1 per box for sugar; to Europe, nothing doing.



—Mr. Evans has filed exceptions in the Holmes case, but they cannot in any way, says the Advertiser, be disposed of before the last of April next.

**HOUSE.**—The House went into Committee of the Whole, and resumed the consideration of the bill granting pensions to soldiers of the war of 1812, and without taking any action rose.

—The steamer Illinois took out from New York on Tuesday last 300 recruits to be stationed at Benecia, Cal.

—An American steamer has been seized at Honolulu for violating the revenue laws.

—J. Glancey Jones has been confirmed as Minister to Austria, and not to Prussia, as has been reported.

—A good schoolmaster studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books. T. FULLER.

NG prices.  
Bethel Hill, Dec. 17, 1858. 11f

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**Wanted.**  
TENEMENT for a small family, centrally located. Enquire at this office.

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**Wanted.**  
AN ACTIVE, INTELLIGENT BOY is wanted at this Office, to learn the Trade,

**MAIL STAGE** will leave Bethel Tuesdays & Fridays, at 8 o'clock, A. M., for Newry, North Newry, Crafton, Letter B. and Errol, N. H., arriving at Errol at 6 P. M.

Returning—Leave Errol on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 A. M., for Bethel, arriving in season for up and down trains.

N. B. All express orders will receive prompt attention. **A. M. MERRILL, Proprietor.**

Established Dec. 17, 1880

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(Continued from First Page.)

any one art, science, or learned profession a means of living. Of mercantile business of course he knew nothing. He could not even offer himself as a teacher of the classics or mathematics; for, although he stood well at college, he had been rather a superficial scholar. He might teach those things, to be sure, but he could not gain a professor's chair; consequently, he could not command a salary such as he thought absolutely necessary to his most moderate wants. He was something of an artist; but what amateur artist could ever earn his bread, to say nothing of some time growing rich? He was a fine musician; but his taste was so fastidious that the idea of enduring the mistakes of stupid scholars, and of endeavoring to teach what to him seemed inspiration, was torture. He had, however, concluded to do this, when a gentleman, whose friendship he had gained, and whose sympathies were very much interested for the young adventurers, got him a situation as librarian in a celebrated public library, with a salary of a thousand dollars a year. The work was light, and agreed with his literary inclinations; and, for a while, he endeavored to be contented, and to feel that love made amends for every deficiency. The new mode of life, though, was a greater change to him than to his wife. She had the domestic tastes of an Englishwoman, and could gather about her, in their two small rooms, her books, drawing materials, embroidery, &c., and spend the hours of her husband's absence in fond thoughts of him. When he returned to her, then she felt no want, in the fullness of her happiness. They had rented a piano, which was to both of them a source of pleasure, for both had fine voices and highly cultivated talents.

When it was found that, by their utmost efforts at economy, they were still unable to keep within their income, Alice proposed to take pupils in singing and instrumental music, declaring that she should be happier and much better contented to have something to occupy the leisure time during which her husband was away. Her refined manners and accomplishments procured for her as many pupils as she desired. Perhaps the knowledge, which through the influence of a friend or two, although they never referred to it, had become diffused, that Mr. Lancaster, as he now called himself, was a scion of the nobility, had something to do with it. Or it may have been solely the winning graces of her own sweet ways. At all events, Mrs. Lancaster was liked as a teacher, and had plenty of employment.

The young couple might have prospered tolerably, and lived, as new beginners in America live, nicely and comfortably, had not Edwin begun to grow impatient. He had expected a recall, or at least a remittance from his father; but as none came, neither any other token of reconciliation, his feelings were a little embittered. The monotony of his life grew more and more distasteful to him, while, with the pride and passion of an impulsive nature, he resolved to make himself rich in some manner—so rich that, when he returned to England with his immense fortune, his relatives would be glad to welcome him back. Then he would have an opportunity of repaying their present indifference in the same kind. A want of capital and almost total ignorance of business matters were not just the requisites to secure this expected wealth in a city crowded with keen and eager competitors; and, hearing some "Arabian Nights" stories of the prosperous West, he threw away his situation, persuaded Alice to be of his mind, and started for the occident, fully convinced that he carried Aladdin's lamp with him.

It was nearly a year from the time of their marriage that this scheme was executed. The money necessary for the journey was procured by the sale of a few articles of *bijouterie*, added to a hundred pounds which had been sent to Alice in the last letter from her father, with whom she corresponded, and to whom she always wrote glowingly of her happiness and welfare.

A stop at many thriving little western towns and cities had not yet revealed to Edwin the Arcadia or El Dorado of which he was in search. He saw men enough who were getting rich; but they either had money to

speculate in land, and were laying out (on paper) new towns and villages, the future growth of which was to make them millionaires; or were engaged in hard, practical, shrewd business operations, of which he knew little, and for which he cared less. He felt as much out of his proper element "as a fish out of water," but his nature was ardent and hopeful, and he pressed on almost to the verge of what was then the limits of civilization. At Bear River, where he had made the last pause, he had heard something about a chance of engaging in the fur trade at a little outpost called Beaver Creek; and it was in trying to reach this last, forlorn hope that he chanced upon Peter Potter's cabin. His extravagant visions were most mournfully melted away when he sought his couch that night. A house of snow could not dissolve any more rapidly beneath a summer sun than his beautiful air-castle had dissolved in the rude glare of experience.

### CHAPTER III.

The next morning, Peter Potter had a proposition, which he duly made at the breakfast-table. It was that Mr. Lancaster should pursue his journey to Beaver Creek alone, leaving his wife, who really looked ill and worn with her strange expedition, to recruit. He need not be away from her more than three or four days. If he succeeded in entering into any arrangements with the fur company, he could return for her; if he did not, why it would save her so much useless riding.

"And then," added the squatter, in conclusion, "if you still think of remaining West, and want to turn farmer, there's no better place than this. You can squat next to me. The land's easily tilled, and the yield is rich. I'll help you get up your cabin, and be as neighborly as things'll allow. If the dry weather don't finish up the corn and potatoes, we'll share with you till you can raise your own. If they don't come up to the mark, why one of us will have to ride fifty miles for flour for winter use—that's all. You can think on it while you're riding over the prairie, and have your mind set against you get back—I rather calculate that we'll have a market for our grain by the time we have any to spare. There's talk of a settlement and a fort on the river twenty miles to the north of here, and an Indian station to pay off the Indians. They're often in want of corn when they've been too lazy to raise it, or their enemies have burnt it, and government will be glad to buy of us."

Alice looked so pale (something unusual for her, as her health was excellent) that Mr. Lancaster decided to leave her, as their kind entertainer had proposed; and future events proved how almost providentially fortunate this decision was.

For, upon entering the cabin after four days' absence, unsuccessful in the object of his journey, discouraged and cast down, the first sound that greeted the ears of the young husband was the tiny cry of an infant two days old, which lay upon the bosom of his Alice, who was half sitting up, supported by pillows, in the bed. The sight of her sweet face, bearing the impression of recent suffering, with a sudden sense of all that she must have endured in that lonely spot, without even his presence to cheer her, no physician to counsel, nor mother to cherish her, unmanned him. He could not just press his trembling lips to her brow before he gave away to his emotion, and, leaning his face in his hands upon her pillow, he sobbed like a child.

"It is I who have made you suffer all this, my Alice."

"Why, Edwin, dear Edwin, look up and see how well I am. Nature has dealt gently with me; and on mother could have been kinder than Mrs. Potter has been. Thousands of young mothers in the midst of wealth and civilization have not fared half so well as I. And the child, my dear husband—our child—will you not look at her? Will you not kiss baby May?"

May was the name of his youngest sister, a sweet child whom he loved more than all the rest of his sisters; and it had been agreed that, in case their infant was a girl, she should be called May.

(To be Continued.)

## Agricultural.

### BETHEL FARMER'S CLUB.

The 2nd meeting for the season was held at Mr. W. Heywoods, Wednesday Evening, Dec. 15th, 1858. Subject for discussion, Farming and Horticultural Implements.

Dr. True being called upon as usual, remarked that it is important for the farmer, that he have the best possible instruments. A good implement will sometimes pay for itself in a single day. He exhibited a new form of butter stamp, and an apple harvester, which attracted considerable attention. He also called attention to the shovel manufactured by Billings & Fogg, of Monmouth, as among the best specimens of that implement ever put into the hands of the farmer. Their redeeming quality seemed to be that their greatest strength, was where it was most needed. He also would introduce to the notice of the club one of Hersey's Plows, No. 4, manufactured at South Paris.

Mr. Moses A. Mason said that he had used the largest size of his plows with good effect in burying twitchgrass on his intervals.

Mr. D. F. Brown liked it much. With it he does not feel compelled to use one hand more than the other. It was well balanced in the furrow. Still he would like to know how much better the cast iron plow was than the old fashioned wooden one.

Mr. G. Chapman.—The old plow was drawn through wet ground like a drag. The beam was short, an additional hand was needed to keep the plow in, one yoke of oxen more was necessary, and it was difficult to plow in hollows, and cost more to repair than the cast iron plows. Hersey's Plows had taken the premium at the State Fair, and was generally liked in this vicinity.

Although the wood work was not so elegant as in some places, he thought his seed plows were well constructed to leave the land in a pulverized state.

Dr. True spoke of the Scotch plow which is highly spoken of in some parts of the country. The plowshare is smaller, and some distance below the mouldboard, which is convex instead of concave.

Dr. Fanning said that no plow could do the work so handsomely as the old English plow. The share was made of steel, and the mouldboard was plated with steel. He had known one to run one hundred rods without a hand, but it was not so convenient to renovate.

Mr. A. Mason had used the Michigan plow, not so good the first year as the second when there was much twitchgrass.

The President stated that Mark Smith, Esq., of Norway, manufactured an excellent double mouldboard horse-plow.

The harrow was then introduced which elicited remarks from several gentlemen, but the reporter was somewhat disturbed by the ladies at this moment, who were counting the stitches of their knitting work. Allusion was made to the Scotch grubber, and the Ox cultivator.

Capt. S. Chapman introduced a Wakefield's Corn Planter, which would plant an acre of corn after tea.

The different forms of hoes was then discussed.

A report of Farming operations the past year, from Dr. True, in which he thought that he had succeeded as well as usual, except in buying pike-nosed pigs of the president.

A vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Clinton Furbush, of Portland, for a donation of Agricultural documents.

The Club voted to adjourn to meet at Mr. John A. Twitchell's in two weeks. Subject for discussion "Season for cutting timber for manufacturing purposes, and fuel with reference to the future growth of wood."

The ladies listened very attentively to each other when they were not talking themselves. The lady with 26 pieces of knitting-work was present as usual, and added greatly to the pleasures of the evening. After examining mine host's Blue Pearmain and Pound Sweetings, the Club adjourned.

N. B.—The ladies are especially requested to bring their own knitting work with them, or else not complain if others furnish them.

Gen. Scott has started on his southern tour of inspection.

## Poetry.

### THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

BY REV. F. ROBINSON.

How welcome the moment that places beside me  
The Family Newspaper fresh from the press!  
Though blessed with all others, were this boon  
Denied me,  
'Twere surely a grievance that naught could redress.

It soothes into quietude every emotion  
Of care or of grief, that annoyed me before,  
And gives me a respite like that of the ocean  
When, wearied, its waves are asleep on the shore.

I tear off the wrapper, and seated at leisure,  
With nothing on earth to disturb or molest,  
With careful inspection examine my treasure,  
And call out its jewels with infinite zest.

My thoughts, my best feelings, my fond aspirations,  
I learn to extend till at length they embrace,  
Not merely my own, but the weal of all nations.  
However divergent in language or race.

Whatever relates to their shame or their glory,  
Their wrongs or their rights, their revenge or their love,  
With interest I read, and derive from the story,  
Some lesson benign which I fain would improve.

When Charity's record awakes my compassion  
For those in distress with pale want at their door,  
I help them if possible—not from mere fashion,  
And wish I could help them a thousand times more.

And when too, I read of some brutalized being,  
The blood of whose wife cries aloud to the skies:  
From whom his own children in terror are fleeing,  
I look at my loved ones, and tears dim my eyes.

Why should not the joys and the sorrows of others  
Engage the best thoughts and desires of my soul?  
Both Reason and Charity call them my brothers,  
Wherever they dwell, from the line to the pole.

The same pure canopy daily beads o'er them  
They enter the same rugged path from their birth,  
The same mortal struggle is ever before them,  
The same solemn sleep in the same silent earth.

What though, when I'm reading, my heart oft is leaping,  
As if at some joyful or tender refrain?  
To joy with the joyful, and weep with the weeping,  
Gives generous bosoms more pleasure than pain.

Though much meets my view, that looks dark and appalling,  
Too much that would melt rougher natures than mine,  
I see, o'er the darkness, a soft twilight falling,  
Which heralds a day that shall never decline.

And when, o'er the printed page rapidly glancing,  
I notice events that have just had their birth,  
Which show that the day, so desired, is advancing,  
I call them my gens and rejoice in their worth.

Then come, welcome messenger, come with thy treasure,  
Fresh from a thousand hearts fresh from the press!  
I wait to receive from thee profit and pleasure,  
And warmer communion for weal and distress.

## Anecdotes.

—A minister, preaching on the subject of misrepresentation and slander, said:

"When professors of religion so far degrade themselves and their profession, as to attempt to injure others by lying and misrepresentation, they should remember that when the devil was disputing with the archangel about the body of Moses, the Lord would not permit the archangel to bring a railing accusation against the devil; and until they can prove that the individual they wish to injure is worse than the devil, and that they themselves are better than the archangel, the Bible requires them to hold their tongues and mind their own business."

—A gentleman in the habit of entertaining, very often, a circle of friends, observed that one of them was in the habit of eating something before grace was asked, and determining to cure him upon the repetition of the offense, he said: "For what we are about to receive, and for what James Taylor has already received, the Lord make us truly thankful!"—The effect may be imagined.

—"I tell you wot, Julius, I had a monstrous 'spate wid massa, dis mornin', down in de cotton patch."—"Wa, wa, wat you 'spate about?"—"Why, you see, Julius, massa come down da wher I was hoin', and massa he say squash grow best on sandy ground, an' I say so too; and dare we 'spate about it for mor'n one hour!"

—A waggish husband recently cured his wife of divers ills by the following plan: He kissed the servant girl one morning, and got caught at it. Mrs. J. was up in an instant. She forgot all her complaints, and the man of the house declares he has never had to pay a cent for "help" since.

## Miscellaneous.

### LETTER OF A DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

The following most touching fragment of a letter from a dying wife to her husband was found by him some months after her death, between the leaves of a religious volume which she was very fond of perusing. The letter, which was literally dim with tear marks, was written long before her husband was aware that the grasp of fatal disease had fastened upon the lovely form of his wife, who died at the early age of nineteen:

When this shall reach your eye, dear George, some day, when you are turning over the relics of the past, I shall have passed away forever, and the cold, white stone will be keeping its lonely watch over the lips you have so often pressed, and the sod will be growing green that shall bide forever from your sight the dust of her who has often nestled closely to your warm heart.

For many long and sleepless nights, when all but my thoughts were at rest I have wrestled with the consciousness of approaching death, until at last it has forced itself upon my mind; and although to you and to others it may now seem but the nervous imagining of a girl, yet, dear George, it is so! Many weary nights have I passed in the endeavor to reconcile myself to leaving you, whom I love so well, and this bright world of sunshine and beauty; and hard indeed it is to struggle on silently and alone, with the sore conviction that I am about to leave all forever and go down into the dark valley! "But, I know in whom I have believed, and leaning on His arm I fear no evil."

Do not blame me for keeping all this from you. How could I subject you, of all others, to such sorrow as I feel at parting, when time will make it apparent to you? I could have wished to live if only to be at your side when your time shall come, and pillow your head upon my breast, wipe the death damps from your brow and usher your departing spirit into its Maker's presence, embalmed in woman's holiest prayer.

But it is not to be—and I submit. Yours is the privilege of watching, through long, dreary nights, for the spirit's final flight, and of transferring my sinking head from your breast to my Saviour's bosom. And you shall share my last thought, and the last faint pressure of the hand, and the last feeble kiss shall be yours, and even when flesh and heart shall have failed me, my eyes shall rest on yours until glared by death, and our spirits shall hold one last communion until apparently fading from my view—the last of earth—you shall mingle with the first bright glimpse of the unfading glories of the better world, where partings are unknown. Well do I know the spot, my dear George, where you will lay me. Often we stood by the place, and as we watched the mellow sunset as it glanced in quivering flashes through the leaves and burnish the grassy mound around us with strips of burnished gold, each, perhaps has thought that some day one of us would come alone, and, whichever it might be, your name would be on the stone. But we loved the spot and I know you will love it none the less when you see the same quiet sunlight linger and play over your Mary's grave. I know you will go there, and my spirit will be with you then, and whisper among the waving branches, "I am not lost but gone before."

HOPE ON—HOPE EVER.—An aggravated case of intemperance has been related to us, which teaches that we should not be too much in haste to give up the hope of reclaiming our unfortunate fellow-men who have been ensnared by their cups. A man who had been intemperate, and grossly so, for a number of years, and had signed the pledge twenty-four times, finally became a sober man, and has been an ornament to society and to the church for many years. Could we know the history of each miserable inebriate, could we know the infirmities of his nature, and the peculiar temptations which beset him, we might in many instances pity and forgive. You yourselves might have been what he is; so have pity, then, and hope and work for his redemption until the last.

—The arms of a pretty girl wound tight around your neck has been discovered to be an infallible remedy in case of—

## Gold and Silver

### SPECTACLES,

70 suit all ages, together with a good assortment of useful and FANCY GOODS, such as

WALLETS,  
PORT MONIES,  
SCISSORS,  
HAIR BRUSHES,  
TOYS,  
RAZORS,  
PERFUMERY,  
HAIR OIL,  
POCKET KNIVES,  
Gold and Steel PENS, Violin Strings, and a great many other goods not specified here.  
JOHN S. ABBOTT.  
Bethel Hill, Dec. 17, 1858. 10

### RE-OPENING OF THE BETHEL PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY!

J. E. SMALL  
HAVING fitted up the first and only PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY in this County, is prepared to execute all kinds of work pertaining to his business. He is confident that with six years practical knowledge in Portrait taking, he is excelled by no one in the business. All the new kind of Pictures executed in the highest style of the Art. Particular attention paid to Photographing. This is the most beautiful and light picture now taken. Copying of all kinds attended to. Thankful for past favors, he solicits the patronage of all who appreciate the best work at LIVING prices, instead of your work at DEAD prices.  
Bethel Hill, Dec. 17, 1858. 10

### DR. CUTTER'S Improved CHEST-EXPANDING SUSPENDERS,

For Sale by  
F. S. CHANDLER,  
At the Cheap Cash Store.  
Bethel Hill, Dec. 17, 1858. 10

### THE BEST PLACE TO BUY—

DRY GOODS,  
READY-MADE CLOTHING,  
BOOTS & SHOES,  
GROCERIES,

or in fact anything in the line of a Country VARIETY STORE, at

G. & O. H. MASON'S,  
Near the Depot,  
BETHEL, ME.  
Bethel, Dec. 17, 1858. 10

B. P. YOUNG,  
DEALER IN  
Boots & Shoes.

WOULD call the attention of his friends and the public to his Winter Stock. His goods are selected with great care, and he feels confident that he can furnish an article equal to any in this section. He also manufactures to measure, Women's, Men's, and Children's Shoes.  
Store in Chapman's Block.  
Bethel Hill, Dec. 17, 1858. 10

### KILLING AND CURING. Strychnine for Killing Foxes, and PEST MEDICINES for CURING People.

For sale by J. S. ABBOTT.  
Bethel Hill, Dec. 17, 1858. 10

### SHEETINGS:

By the Piece at NINE Cents.  
For sale at the CHEAP CASH STORE of  
F. S. CHANDLER,  
Bethel Hill, Dec. 17, 1858. 10

### CITIZENS!!

Call at  
SWIFT'S BLOCK,  
In Bethel, and exchange your  
CORN, RYE, OATS, POULTRY, &c.,  
for GOODS.

W. F. FOSTER.  
Bethel Hill, Dec. 17, 1858. 10

### DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

The Copartnership heretofore existing under the name and style of  
HAYDEN & MASON,  
is by mutual consent dissolved from and after this date.  
W. J. HAYDEN,  
MIGHELL MASON.  
Bethel Hill, Dec. 6, 1858. 10

### NOTICE!

WE HEREBY, DANIEL HAYMAN of Albany, a Minor, placed under my care by his Father, has left my house for parts unknown, this is to caution all persons from harboring or trusting him on my account, as I shall not pay any debts of his contraction after this date.  
STEPHEN YORK  
Albany, Dec 6th, 1858. 3=1

### JOB PRINTING

Of every description neatly executed at the  
COURIER OFFICE,  
BETHEL HILL, ME.